

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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Review of New Books.

Journal of a Residence in the Burmhan Empire, and more particularly at the Court of Amarapoorah. By Captain Hiram Cox, of the Honourable East India Company's Bengal Native Infantry. 8vo. pp. 431. London, 1821.

THE Burmhan empire, which comprises the countries of Ava, Arracan, Siam, and Pegu, is situated on the eastern side of the Bay of Bengal. It is nearly one thousand miles in length and six hundred in breadth, and it contains a population of upwards of seven millions. The journal of Captain Cox, which contains a full description of this country, hitherto so imperfectly known to Europeans, was written during a residence there, in 1796. His premature death, at the age of thirty-nine years, in the midst of an employment afterwards, in the province of Arracan, that required all his time and attention, prevented him from making any addition to his journal, and even from arranging what he had already written. That task has since devolved on his son, who has added nothing, and only omitted such minor details as were made for the gratification of the writer, and were not of public interest.

The journal comprises a period of thirteen months from the 8th of October, 1796, when Captain Cox sailed up the Rangoon River, to the 1st of November, 1797. In the expedition to Amarapoorah, he was absent eleven months. As the author appears to have paid close attention to the manners and customs of this peculiar people, and as he is rather felicitous in his talent at description, he has, without the slightest effort, or appearance of book-making, furnished us with a very interesting volume, which is, at the same time, a valuable contribution towards a complete history of Oriental customs. On the 14th of November, he saw a procession of the natives to the principal Pagoda:—

‘There,’ says he, ‘I had carpets spread, and chairs placed for myself and Mr.

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Burnet, and commanded a perfect view of the men and women going and returning. The crowd of both sexes was very great from sun-rise till ten o'clock, every one carrying, or rather offering, according to their abilities or zeal. Some of them bore pageants in the form of trees, the branches loaded with clothes, betel, and other necessities for the priests; others, elegantly constructed pyramids of various forms on the backs of paper-elephants, crocodiles, or giants. These pyramids were very neatly made of coloured paper and wax, formed into fret-work containing fire-works—others fire-works, cloth, or fruit. The officers of government, and those who could afford the expense, were preceded by the country musicians; all were dressed in their gala-suits, and in the silks manufactured in the country, which, for texture and vivid colours, would be esteemed even in polished circles. The manners of the whole reflected credit upon them as a nation: no jostling or ill-humour was seen, all were gay and decorous. The dress of the women impresses strangers with an idea of their being immodest; but, in my opinion, they are quite the reverse: frank, but innocent; affectionate wives and tender mothers.’

A singular mode of trial, called rather improperly a trial by ordeal, took place a few days after, to ascertain the truth of an accusation of adultery against a native:—

‘The defendant denying the charge, the principals, witnesses, and court, adjourned to a small pagoda without the walls of the town, when all the parties were solemnly sworn according to the rites of the Burmhan faith, the depositions of the witnesses taken down, and the deity invoked by the priest to judge between the parties. A certain quantity of wax was weighed in two equal portions, and formed into two candles, which were lighted at the same instant. One was held by the plaintiff, the other by the defendant; and the holder of the candle which first burnt out, was adjudged to have sworn falsely, and of course lost the cause, and would be sentenced to pay the costs of the suit, amounting to four hundred ticals, and damages three hundred ticals. In this case the defendant's candle burnt out first, when the people gave a shout, and the plaintiff's friends, having previously prepared a band of music and dancers, they exhibited before the people. This much only I have been able to au-

thenticate; whether the woman is liable to be repudiated, or whether there are any variations in the fines, I have not as yet ascertained.’

When Captain Cox, in proceeding up the river, came to Raynangoong, or as it is pronounced by the natives Yan-nanghoong, he stopped to visit the wells of Naptha, or earth oil, which are about three miles from the river. They are scattered irregularly, at no great distance from each other, some not more than thirty or forty yards. At the particular place he visited, he was informed, that there were one hundred and eighty wells, and four or five miles to the north-east, there were three hundred and forty more:—

‘In making a well, the hill is cut down, so as to form a square table of fourteen or twenty feet for the crown of the well, and from this table a road is formed by scraping away an inclined plane for the drawers to descend, in raising the excavated earth from the well, and subsequently the oil. The shaft is sunk of a square form, and lined, as the miner proceeds, with squares of cassia wood staves; these staves are about six feet long, six inches broad, and two thick, and are rudely jointed and pinned at right angles to each other, forming a square frame about four and a half feet in the clear for the uppermost ones, but more contracted below. When a miner has pierced six or more feet of the shaft, a series of these square frames are piled on each other, and regularly added to at top; the whole gradually sinking as he deepens the shaft, and securing him against the falling in of the sides. The soil or strata to be pierced is, first, a light sandy loam, intermixed with fragments of quartz, silex, &c. Secondly, a friable sand-stone easily wrought, with thin horizontal strata of a concrete of martial ore, talc*, and indurated argil, at from ten or fifteen feet from the surface, and also from each other, as there are several of these veins in the great body of free-stone. Thirdly, at twenty cubits, more or less, from the surface, and immediately below the free-stone, a pale blue argillaceous earth (schista) appears, impregnated with the petroleum, and smelling strongly of it. This, they say, is very difficult to work, and grows harder as they get deep-

* ‘The talc has this singularity; it is denticulated, its lamina being perpendicular to the horizontal lamina of the argil on which it is seated.’

er, ending in schist and slate, such as is found covering veins of coal in Europe. Below this schist, at the depth of one hundred and thirty cubits, is coal. I procured some (intermixed with sulphur and pyrites), which had been taken from a well, deepened a few days before my arrival; but deemed amongst them a rarity, as they are seldom obliged to proceed to such a depth. They were piercing a new well when I was there; had got to the depth of eighty cubits, and expected oil at ten or twenty cubits more.

The machinery used in drawing up the rubbish, and afterwards the oil from the well, is an axle crossing the centre of the well, resting on two rude forked staunchions, with a revolving barrel on its centre, like the nave of a wheel, in which is a score for receiving the draw-rope; the bucket is of wicker work, covered with dammer; and the labour of the drawers, consisting in general of three men, is facilitated by the descent of the inclined plane, as water is drawn from deep wells in Hindostan. To receive the oil, one man is stationed at the brink of the well, who empties the bucket into a channel made on the surface of the earth, leading to a sunken jar, from whence it is laded into smaller ones, and immediately carried down to the river, either by coolies or on hackeries*. When a well grows dry, they deepen it. They say, none are abandoned for barrenness. Even the death of a miner from mephitic air does not deter others from persisting in deepening them when dry. Two days before my arrival, a man was suffocated in one of the wells; yet they afterwards renewed their attempts without further accident. I recommended trying the air with a candle, &c. with seemingly little effect.

The oil is drawn pure from the wells in the liquid state, as used without variation; but in the cold season it congeals in the open air, and always loses something of its fluidity; the temperature of the wells preserving it in a liquid state fit to be drawn. A man, who was lowered into a well one hundred and ten cubits, in my presence, and immediately drawn up, perspired copiously at every pore: unfortunately, I had no other means of trying the temperature. The oil is of a dingy green, and odorous: it is used for lamps, and, boiled with a little dammer (a resin of the country) for paying the timbers of houses, and the bottoms of boats, &c. which it preserves from decay and vermin. Its medicinal properties known to the natives, cause it to be employed as a lotion in cutaneous eruptions, and as an embrocation in bruises and rheumatic affections.

The property of these wells is in the owners of the soil natives of the country, and descends to the heir general, as a kind of entailed estate. The cost

* Hackeries, the term for the common carts in India.

of sinking a new well is 2500 sicca rupees, and the annual average, net profit, is 1250 sicca rupees. The average produce of each well is about 1825 lbs. avoirdupois per day. Each well is worked by four men, who have one-sixth of the produce for their labour:—

From the wells the oil is carried in small jars, by coolies or on carts, to the river; where it is delivered to the merchant exporter, at two ticals per hundred viss; the value being enhanced three-eighths by the expense and risk of portage; therefore, the gross value or profit to the country of the whole, deducting five per cent. for wastage, may be stated at 1,081,860 ticals, or 1,362,325 sicca rupees per annum, yielding a direct revenue to the king of 136,232 sicca rupees per annum, and perhaps thrice as much more before it reaches the consumer; besides the benefit the whole country must derive from the productive industry called into action, by the constant employment of so large a capital on so gruff an article. There were between seventy and eighty boats, average burthen sixty tons each, loading oil at the several wharfs, and others constantly coming and going while I was there. A number of boats and men also find constant employment in providing the pots, &c. for the oil; and the extent of this single branch of internal commerce, (for almost the whole is consumed in the country,) will serve to give some insight into the internal commerce and resources of the country. At the wells, the price of the oil is seven anas seven pice, per 112lbs. avoirdupois; at the port of Ranghong it is sold at the rate of three sicca rupees, three anas, and six pice, per 112lbs., or per hogshead of sixty-three gallons, (weighing 504lbs.) fourteen rupees, seven anas, nine pice, exclusive of the cask; or per Bengal bazar maund, two rupees, five anas, eight pice; whereas the mustard-seed and other vegetable oils sell, at Ranghong, at eleven rupees per bazar maund.

To conclude, this oil is a genuine petroleum, possessing all the properties of coal-tar, being, in fact, the self-same thing; the only difference is, that Nature elaborates in the bowels of the earth, that for the Burmahans, for which European nations are obliged to the ingenuity of Lord Dundonald.

On the 24th of January, Captain Cox reached the city of Amarapoorah, which, including the suburbs, extends four miles along the south-eastern bank of the river, and teems with religious buildings of various shapes. On the 1st of February, he got to Mheghoon, the residence of the sovereign. It is an assemblage of bamboo huts, with a few wooden houses, straggling along the western bank of the river for about

two miles, under a range of high barren hills:—

About the centre of what is called the city, is a wooden palace of his majesty's, externally of a mean appearance; and along the bank near it were ranged about ten large accommodation boats for the royal family. They have houses erected on them, with gilt mouldings and ornaments, also two large ones, with high pagodas on them for his majesty's and the queen's particular use; but I defer giving a more minute description of them until some future opportunity offers of closer inspection. A little beyond his majesty's palace is the site of the intended pagoda; at present, they are advanced but little above the foundation; and, as the dimensions are very great, it will require some years to finish it. His majesty holds his court at present in a large one-poled tent, on a sand-bank, in the river opposite, but nearly three-fourths of a mile east of the pagoda, where he remains while dispensing charity to the priesthood. Besides his tent, he has a temporary bamboo-palace, and the bank is covered with the huts of his particular attendants.

After some difficulty in arranging the forms in which Captain Cox was to be admitted, he had an audience of the king, on the 8th of February, in his tent, of which he gives the following account:—

The grand audience-tent is circular, about three hundred feet in diameter, supported in the centre by a stout mast, about sixty feet high, the pinnacle rising above the top of the tent, perhaps twelve feet more, and gilt. The sides supported by an arcade of one hundred arches; the piers of wood about fifteen feet high; the arches formed of bamboo work; the wall-plate which supports the back of the tent was of bamboos; stout ropes are extended in the inside from the centre pole to each pier, and then carried out to posts fifteen or twenty feet beyond, and made fast. These support the fly of the tent, which was made of single dungaree, (a coarse thick cotton fabric, common in India,) in the sea phrase, neither wind nor weather tight. Round the base of the centre pole, was built a pedestal about ten feet square, and fifteen high, whether of wood or masonry I had no opportunity of observing. Round it was a circular open railing, about six feet high; and within the inclosure several large square glass lanterns were hung, and looking-glasses arranged, with other trifles of the same kind. The throne, which came close to the outer edge of the tent, was an octagon of wood, like a large pulpit; each face was about ten feet; the floor elevated about six feet above the level of the tent; the sides open to the south and east, the west and north sides skreened by a curtain; the floor was carpeted, and a raised bench covered with velvet cushions laced with gold, was placed near the centre, a little advanced to the front. Be-

low, within the circle of the tent, was a raised seat, like a clerk's reading desk, covered with green velvet, edged and trimmed with broad gold lace, with large red velvet cushions on it, trimmed in the same manner. To the right and left of the throne on the ground, just within the arcade of the tent, were ranged twenty of the King's body-guard, in satin gowns trimmed with gold lace, with treble scalloped capes and cuffs, and gilt hats like Malbrino's helmet. Nearer the throne, to the right or west side, were seated in a line with the body-guards, six eunuchs of the palace, native Mahomedans, in white jammas and coloured silk lunges, with white handkerchiefs round their heads. The princes of the blood, the chobwas*, and all the courtiers of superior rank, were dressed in red velvet gowns, like that worn by the mayhoon; the caps of the princes and chobwas, varying according to their rank; which is further denoted by the gold chains they wear. The inferior courtiers' dress and caps were made of satin trimmed with narrow gold lace, but in form the same as the viceroy's.*

* After I had been seated about twenty minutes, a man, dressed in white, came into the enclosed place within the throne from the rear, as if to arrange the cushions on it, and, immediately after he had retired, his Majesty entered, and seated himself on the throne. He was dressed in white muslin with a gold border, and had on a crown shaped something like a mitre, about fifteen inches in height, but how ornamented I was too distant to observe. In his hand he had a small cawrie, made of peacocks' quills, with which he fanned away the flies; no one remained in the pulpit with him. He appeared rather lusty, his countenance open, and complexion rather fairer than the Burmians in general, with a thin grey beard, and altogether like a Chinese of the southern part of the empire. When seated, he asked in a clear and audible voice, which was the resident? Then, who was the gentleman next me? He then asked, whether my epaulets and cockade were insignia of my rank? Who were the persons attending in my suit? What was in the chests? What the use of the large blocks of timber, &c.? He was then pleased to say, that he understood I was a sensible and polite gentleman; upon which I placed my hand on my breast, and bowed my head. He immediately said, "Ah! that is the manner in which the Europeans salute their sovereigns. The hand placed on the breast, means that their respect flows from the heart." To which the viceroy replied in the affirmative. The sandogan, first prostrating himself three times, then read from a taar leaf, in a singing tone, an account of the presents. After sitting about twenty minutes, the King, addressing himself to the viceroy, said, "the weather is very warm, I must retire, take care of him." He then rose

* Petty tributary princes.

from the throne, and retired to his palace in the rear.

Of one of his palaces we have the following description. The author is first speaking of the steps ascending to the pagoda from the river front:—

"These steps consist of three flights, about thirty feet broad at the lowest step, and twenty at the highest; of ordinary brickwork masonry, with a low parapet wall on each side, and led to the first terrace, about fifteen feet above the ordinary level of the river in the rains. The revetement of the river-face of this terrace was of stones, wrought to an equal surface on their exterior superficies; but rough and irregular on their interior, laid in common mortar, made of stone pounded, or lime and sand. At the lowest step we were requested to take off our shoes, which we immediately did; all our servants were allowed to attend us, and I was allowed to take my Hindoostanee punkah. We were not at any time desired to take off our hats. Immediately within the verge of the first terrace, on either side of the steps, are erecting two colossal figures of lions, or rather sphinxes, in positions rather couchant than rampant. They are of brick masonry, and seated on pedestals of the same materials; the surface of the pedestals are about two cubits above the level of the terrace, and the height of the figures, from the surface of the table to the crown of their heads, is fifty-eight cubits; making altogether, sixty Burmian cubits, of nineteen inches each, or ninety-five English feet. The body and limbs are of proportionate magnitude, according to the Burmian ideas of sculpture; the eyes and teeth are of alabaster, the eye-ball, which we had an opportunity of measuring, was thirteen feet in circumference. The northernmost figure is finished to the plastering and ornamental parts, the sockets for the eye-balls are left vacant, and to place the eye balls in them will require some exertions of mechanical ingenuity, which I should like to see. There are six terraces rising above each other, their parapet walls equidistant, and revetements of the faces of each of good brick masonry, with stone spouts ornamented with sculptured alligators' heads, to carry off the water. Above these is a seventh terrace, on which is the plinth of the pagoda, and the eighth terrace is formed by the upper surface of the plinth. The seven lower terraces have not been wholly formed by art, but advantage taken of a little mount, the sides of which have been cut down, and then revetted with masonry; the levels of the terraces so far, being left of the common soil, a sandy loam mixed with shingly stones. Upon the seventh terrace rises the exposed part of the base or plinth of the intended structure; the foundation of which is sunk of solid masonry still lower; how much I have not been able to ascertain. Within the plinth a hollow chamber is left, forming a quadrangle, whose

extent is sixty-one feet six inches, its depth eleven feet, and the walls being twelve feet eleven inches thick, make the exterior surface a square of eighty-seven feet four inches. The interior of this chamber is plastered with white chunam, and decorated with painted borders and pannelled compartments, with trees and flower-pots in them. There are also rows of columns twenty-nine inches square, and pilasters, to support the leaden beams and terrace, with which the whole is to be covered when the dedicated treasures are deposited there; with a number of quadrangular compartments, large and small, from ten feet to four feet five inches square, to contain them; the smaller ones being lined with plates of lead, three-fourths of an inch thick. The innermost quadrangles are intended for the preservation of the treasures dedicated by his Majesty, while the span around them is devoted to the oblations of his courtiers. Opposite each of the smaller compartments, whose depth is equal to that of the larger ones, and which appeared like so many wells, was placed on small Bengal carpets, little hollow temples, three feet square, with pyramidal roofs ornamented in the Burmian style; the interior frame being of painted wood, covered with thin plates of silver, alloyed to about fifty per cent. standard; in height, from the base to the pinnacle, seven feet, the eaves ornamented with strings of red coral, about six beads in each, terminated with heart-shaped pieces of common window-glass. Round the solid part of the building and upon the terrace, were arranged piles of leaden beams, about five inches square, and of sufficient length to cover the respective chambers, with plates of lead of the same length, fourteen inches broad, and three-fourths of an inch thick, for the coverings; and besides these, a number of slates, of a schistous granite, were arranged in readiness to cover the whole. We were told that there was another set of chambers of the same dimensions and structure, charged with treasure, below these: how true this is I cannot pretend to determine. The invention of lining the chambers with lead for the preservation of the treasures, is an honour claimed by his present Majesty, who has great skill in these matters. That the design has a divine sanction we had ocular demonstration, three piles of leaden plates gilt with gold-leaf being shewn us, which had been brought and arranged, where we saw them, at night, by angels. Our conductors assured us that the building was surrounded at night by watchful guards, so that no human agents could have transported such weighty materials unobserved; it is, therefore, justly considered and believed as a miracle of divine favour. All this I was particularly desired to note down in my pocket-book, which I did on the spot, and added to it an observation of my own, that a good deal of melted wax, such as is used by the Burmians for candles, had been dropt on the slabs; I,

therefore, suppose the night must have been dark, and that the angels worked by candle-light. From the level of this terrace, a conical spire of solid masonry is intended to be erected, the weight of which I am afraid will prove too great for the leaden beams; but it would be a dangerous piece of impertinence for a stranger to offer any advice on these sacred matters, otherwise I could easily secure the safety of the superstructure, by shewing them how to turn arches over the hollow chambers.'

During Captain Cox's stay, he was entertained with country-dances, music, and fire-works:—

'The Burmhan fire-works consist chiefly of large crackers, made in joints of bamboo, and a kind of Catherine-wheels, that are fired off horizontally, and, when well made, are projected by the impulsive force of the powder, perpendicularly in the air, to a considerable height, whirling round with great impetuosity and noise, both in their ascent and descent; but for one that succeeds a dozen fail, so bad is the powder, and so little are they acquainted with the rules of composition. Some of these wheels are said to contain two thousand viss, or seven thousand pounds of powder,—perhaps this account is exaggerated. In size, as near as I could judge from the distance, the largest seemed to me about thirty feet in the transverse diameter, and six feet in height, and, when fired, formed an immense column of smoke. Each courtier had his fire-works separately arranged, and surrounded by his followers, with small distinguishing flags, so as to enable his Majesty to know whose fire-works succeeded best. They began with those of the lowest rank; and, when one set was finished, the party to whom they belonged brought the remains of the cases, with their flags and music, and danced before his Majesty, who, I understand, on these occasions gives them some trifling presents, as marks of his royal favour. These fire-works are exhibited by day, for fear of accidents, yet, notwithstanding, many are scorched and wounded by sudden explosions, and the falling of fiery fragments; on the whole, it is a rude, barbarous, and insipid exhibition; a waste of labour and materials, unaided by any efforts of ingenuity, and unrelieved by variety, so necessary to satisfy the fastidiousness of European criticism.'

On the 18th of March the King left his capital:—

'His Majesty set off about eight a. m. in the smallest of his boats of state, accompanied by eleven boats of his queens and concubines, eighteen covered boats belonging to his ministers and courtiers, and about seventy war-boats; several of them gilt, including those that towed his own, the queens', and ministers' boats. Each, on an average, might contain about fifty men. On shore, he proceeded with twenty-nine elephants, with different kinds

of howdahs on them, followed by his body-guard, filing off promiscuously, dressed in the common habit of the country, with two bundles; and their muskets lashed to them, carried by each on a bamboo. About one o'clock the new carriage followed his Majesty, in a boat, towed by two war-boats; after it a boat of horses, and behind these his former state-carriage.'

(To be continued.)

Don Juan, Cantos III., IV., and V.,
(Concluded from p. 497.)

AFTER the death of Haidée, with an account of which we concluded last week, *Don Juan*, who had been 'wounded and fettered,' was destined for the slave market, at Constantinople.—Among other captives, he met with a company of singers, who, going to Sicily, were taken by a pirate. One of the principal of these describes his own merits to *Don Juan* rather facetiously:—

'“I would not become myself to dwell upon
My own merits, and though young—I see,
sir—you
Have got a travell'd air, which shows you one
To whom the opera is by no means new:
You've heard of *Raucocanti*?—I'm the man;
The time may come when you may hear me
too;
You was not last year at the fair of Lugo,
But next, when I'm engaged to sing there—
do go.”'

Raucocanti's recital is interrupted by the pirate crew, announcing their destination:—

'They heard next day—that in the Dardanelles,
Waiting for his sublimity's firman,
The most imperative of sovereign spells,
Which every body does without who can,
More to secure them in their naval cells,
Lady to lady, well as man to man,
Were to be chain'd and lotted out per couple,
For the slave market of Constantinople.
'It seems when this allotment was made out,
There chanced to be an odd male, and odd female,
Who (after some discussion and some doubt,
If the soprano might be doom'd to be male,
They placed him o'er the women as a scout)
Were link'd together, and it happen'd the male
Was Juan, who,—an awkward thing at his age,
Pair'd off with a Bacchante blooming visage.

'With *Raucocanti* lucklessly was chain'd
The tenor; these two hated with a hate
Found only on the stage, and each more pain'd
With this his tuneful neighbour than his fate;
Sad strife arose, for they were so cross-grain'd,
Instead of bearing up without debate,
That each pull'd different ways with many an oath,

“*Arcades ambo,*” *id est*—blackguards both.'

The poet is proceeding to describe how *Don Juan* withstood temptation, but restrains himself with an episode,

rather in defence of himself than his hero:—

'Here I might enter on a chaste description,
Having withstood temptation in my youth,
But hear that several people take exception
At the first two books having too much truth;

Therefore I'll make *Don Juan* leave the ship soon,

Because the publisher declares, in sooth,
Through needles' eyes it easier for the camel is
To pass, than those two cantos into families.

'Tis all the same to me; I'm fond of yielding,
And therefore leave them to the purer page
Of *Smollet*, *Prior*, *Ariosto*, *Fielding*,
Who say strange things for so correct an age;

I once had great alacrity in wielding
My pen, and liked poetic war to wage,
And recollect the time when all this cant
Would have provoked remarks which now it shan't.

'As boys love rows, my boyhood liked a squabble;

But at this hour I wish to part in peace,
Leaving such to the literary rabble,
Whether my verse's fame be doom'd to cease,

While the right hand which wrote it still is able,

Or of some centuries to take a lease;
The grass upon my grave will grow as long,
And sigh to midnight winds, but not to song.

'Of poets who come down to us through distance

Of time and tongues, the foster-babes of Fame,

Life seems the smallest portion of existence;

Where twenty ages gather o'er a name,
'Tis as a snowball which derives assistance
From every flake, and yet rolls on the same,
Even till an iceberg it may chance to grow,
But after all 'tis nothing but cold snow.

'And so great names are nothing more than nominal,

And love of glory's but an airy lust,
Too often in its fury overcoming all
Who would as 'twere identify their dust
From out the wide destruction, which, entombing all,

Leaves nothing till the coming of the just—
Save change; I've stood upon *Achilles'* tomb,
And heard *Troy* doubted; time will doubt of Rome.

'The very generations of the dead
Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,
Until the memory of an age is fled,
And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom:

Where are the epitaphs our fathers read?
Save a few glean'd from the sepulchral gloom
Which once-named myriads nameless lie beneath,

And lose their own in universal death.'

But to return to the story:—The captives are landed at the market, and all readily sold; and, in giving an account of the prices they fetched, the author has an ungenerous fling at Mr. *Wilberforce*, who, we are told, has made the prices of Negroes—

twice

What 'twas ere abolition.'

There is something very whimsical in the description of the market:—

'Like a back-gammon board the place was dotted
With whites and blacks, in groups on show
for sale,
Though rather more irregularly spotted:
Some bought the jet, while others chose the pale.'

Don Juan and a fellow captive, with whom he had formed an acquaintance, were purchased by an old man, who took them home to a splendid palace, which is described very minutely. The captives are intreated to undergo 'an ancient rite' to make them true believers, but they spurn the idea. Don Juan, after much remonstrance, is dressed in the suit of a princess. He is then led from room to room,—

'Through glittering galleries, and o'er marble floors,
Till a gigantic portal through the gloom,
Haughty and huge, along the distance towers;
And wafted far arose a rich perfume:
It seemed as though they came upon a shrine,
For all was vast, still, fragrant, and divine.

'The giant door was broad, and bright, and high,
Of gilded bronze, and carved in curious guise;
Warriors thereon were battling furiously;
Here stalks the victor, there the vanquished lies;
Their captives led in triumph droop the eye,
And in perspective many a squadron flies:
It seems the work of times before the line
Of Rome transplanted fell with Constantine.

'This massy portal stood at the wide close
Of a huge hall, and on its either side
Two little dwarfs, the least you could suppose,
Were sate, like ugly imps, as if allied
In mockery to the enormous gate which rose
O'er them in almost pyramidal pride:
The gate so splendid was in all its features,
You never thought about those little creatures,
'Until you nearly trod on them, and then
You started back in horror to survey
The wondrous hideousness of those small men,
Whose colour was not black, nor white, nor gray,
But an extraneous mixture, which no pen
Can trace, altho' perhaps the pencil may;
They were mis-shapen pigmies, deaf and dumb—
Monsters, who cost a no less monstrous sum.

'Their duty was—for they were strong, and though
They looked so little, did strong things at times—
To ope this door, which they could really do,
The hinges being as smooth as Roger's rhymes;
And now and then with tough strings of the bow,
As is the custom of those eastern climes,
To give some rebel Pacha a cravat;
For mutes are generally used for that.'

Don Juan is then conducted into a room, more splendid than any through which he had passed:—

'In this imperial hall, at distance lay,
Under a canopy, and there reclined
Quiet in a confidential queenly way,
A lady; Baba stopped, and kneeling signed

To Juan, who, though not much used to pray,
Knelt down by instinct, wondering in his mind

What all this meant; while Baba bowed and bended

His head, until the ceremony ended.

'The lady rising up with such an air
As Venus rose with from the wave, on them
Bent like an antelope, a Paphian pair
Of eyes, which put out each surrounding gem;

And raising up an arm as moonlight fair,
She signed to Baba, who first kissed the hem
Of her deep-purple robe, and speaking low,
Pointed to Juan, who remained below.

'Her presence was as lofty as her state;
Her beauty of that overpowering kind,
Whose force description only would abate,
I'd rather leave it much to your own mind,
Than lessen it by what I could relate
Of forms and features; it would strike you blind

Could I do justice to the full detail;
So, luckily for both, my phrases fail.'

Don Juan is called upon to kneel and kiss the lady's foot, but he refused, and declared—

'He could not stoop
To any shoe, unless it shod the Pope.'

He is then commanded to kiss her hand, which he readily obeyed. She was a Sultan's bride, who having seen Don Juan in his way to sale, had ordered his purchase. When all the attendants had been dismissed, the sultana inquired of our hero, 'Christian, can'st thou love?' He at first answered only with tears, for the memory of Haidée came over his mind, but when pressed more closely, if not by words at least by indications, which could not be misunderstood, he replied,—

'Thou ask'st if I can love? be this the proof
How much I have lov'd—that I love not thee!

In this vile garb, the distaff's web and woof
Were fitter for me: love is for the free!
I am not dazzled by this splendid roof.

Whate'er thy power, and great it seems to be,
Heads bow, knees bend, eyes watch around a throne,
And hands obey—our hearts are still our own.'

'This was a truth to us extremely trite,
Not so to her, who ne'er had heard such things;

She deemed her least command must yield delight,

Earth being only made for queens and kings.
If hearts lay on the left side or the right
She hardly knew, to such perfection brings
Legitimacy its born votaries, when
Aware of their due royal rights o'er men.

'Besides, as has been said, she was so fair
As even in a much humbler lot had made
A kingdom or confusion any where;
And also, as may be presumed, she laid
Some stress upon those charms, which seldom are

By the possessors thrown into the shade;
She thought her's gave a double "right divine,"

And half of that opinion's also mine.'

This put the princess into a terrible

rage, for until then she had never known a checked desire:—

'Her rage was but a minute's, and 'twas well—
A moment's more had slain her; but the while

It lasted 'twas like a short glimpse of hell:
Naught's more sublime than energetic bile,
Though horrible to see yet grand to tell,
Like ocean warring 'gainst a rocky isle:
And the deep passions flashing through her form,
Made her a beautiful embodied storm.

'A vulgar tempest 'twere to a Typhoon,
To match a common fury with her rage,
And yet she did not want to reach the moon,
Like moderate Hotspur on the immortal page;

Her anger pitched into a lower tune,
Perhaps the fault of her soft sex and age—
Her wish was but to "kill, kill, kill," like Lear's,
And then her thirst of blood was quenched in tears.

'A storm it raged, and like the storm it pass'd,
Pass'd without words—in fact she could not speak;

And then her sex's shame broke in at last,
A sentiment till then in her but weak,
But now it flow'd in natural and fast,
As water through an unexpected leak,
For she felt humbled—and humiliation
Is sometimes good for people in her station.

'It teaches them that they are flesh and blood,
It also gently hints to them that others,
Although of clay, are yet not quite of mud;
That urns and pipkins are but fragile brothers,

And works of the same pottery, bad or good,
Though not all born of the same sires and mothers;

It teaches—heaven knows only what it teaches,
But sometimes it may mend, and often reaches.

'Her first thought was to cut off Juan's head;
Her second, to cut only—his acquaintance;
Her third, to ask him where he had been bred;
Her fourth, to rally him into repentance;
Her fifth, to call her maids and go to bed;
Her sixth, to stab herself; her seventh, to sentence

The lash to Baba:—but her grand resource
Was to sit down again, and cry of course.

'She thought to stab herself, but then she had
The dagger close at hand, which made it awkward;

For eastern stays are little made to pad,
So that a poniard pierces if 'tis stuck hard:
She thought of killing Juan—but, poor lad!
Though he deserved it well for being so backward,

The cutting off his head was not the art
Most likely to attain her aim—his heart.

'Juan was moved; he had made up his mind
To be impaled, or quartered as a dish
For dogs, or to be slain with pangs refined,
Or thrown to lions, or made bate for fish,
And thus heroically stood resigned,
Rather than sin—except to his own wish;
But all his great preparatives for dying
Dissolved like snow before a woman crying.

'As through his palms Bob Acres' valour oozed,

So Juan's virtue ebbed, I know not how;
And first he wondered why he had refused;
And then, if matters could be made up now;
And next his savage virtue he accused,
Just as a friar may accuse his vow,

Or as a dame repents her of her oath,
Which mostly ends in some small breach of both.

'So he began to stammer some excuses;
But words are not enough in such a matter,
Although you borrow all that e'er the muses
Have sung, or even a dandy's dandiest chatter,

Or all the figures Castlereagh abuses;
Just as a languid smile began to flatter
His peace was making, but before he ventured
Further, old Baba rather briskly entered';—

A fortunate interruption for Don Juan's virtue and our poet's character.

Baba came to announce that the sultan was coming: and, with a description of his person and his entry into the harem, when he particularly noticed Don Juan as a pretty Christian girl, the fifth canto concludes, and we are promised that if it meets with due applause, the 'sixth shall have a touch of the sublime.' A touch of something better than the present three cantos will certainly be necessary to preserve his lordship's character from sinking.

On the whole, we think the last three cantos a great falling off from the first two, but they certainly are not so objectionable in a moral point of view. But although Lord Byron's poetry may with some be an extenuation for its immorality, yet we are sure he must alter much before his morals return the compliment, and be an apology for his rhymes. The poem, though having the imprint of a man of genius, is written carelessly, and the story is almost devoid of interest.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

1. *Facts and Observations respecting Canada and the United States of America; affording a Comparative View of the Inducements to Emigration presented in those Countries. To which is added, an Appendix of Practical Instructions to Emigrant Settlers in the British Colonies.* By Charles F. Grece, Member of the Montreal and Quebec Agricultural Societies, &c. 8vo. pp. 172. London, 1819.
2. *Sketch of a Plan, for Settling in Upper Canada, a Portion of the Unemployed Labourers in England.* By a Settler. 8vo. pp. 25. London, 1821.

THE mania for emigration, which, about two years ago, was so prevalent, appears now to have, in some degree, subsided; but had this not been the case, the subject has been so amply discussed in our pages, that we should not deem it necessary to preface our notice of the two books now before us

with any observations on emigration generally. We have, when writing on this subject, more than once expressed our partiality to emigration to Canada, not only from a wish to enrich our own colonies with our native genius and industry, but from a conviction that, all the circumstances considered, Canada is preferable to the United States for an English settler. In this opinion we are considerably strengthened by the plain unvarnished 'facts and observations' of Mr. Grece, who treats the subject fairly and impartially. An acquaintance with Canada for sixteen years, and an intimate knowledge of agriculture and of that practical husbandry best suited to the colony, are strong recommendations of his work to emigrants, to whom it will prove a most valuable guide.

Mr. Grece is a Canadian, and we do not wonder at his recommending his own country in preference to the United States for emigration, but the facts he adduces are sufficient to bear him out in his partiality without a national feeling; the influx of settlers from the United States to America might almost settle the point, for it is a fact that the population in the townships of Lower Canada is composed of two-thirds Americans.

Mr. Grece commences his work with an exposure of the fallacious statements of Mr. Birkbeck respecting his settlement in the Illinois. He says,—

'With respect to the Illinois territory, it may be observed, that the climate cannot possibly be either so healthful to an European constitution, or so generally favourable to cultivation. Mr. Birkbeck appears to have laboured as much to withhold, as to convey information; and that not only with respect to the difficulties he had to encounter in travelling to the place he fixed upon, but also with respect to the place itself. He has not told us, that the climate of the Wabash country is such as to prevent the most laborious parts of agricultural employments from being performed by Europeans, on account of its heat; he has not told us that the system of slavery must be adopted there, if cultivation be to be carried on to any great extent. There is something very disingenuous in all this. Mr. Birkbeck must have known very well, that the labour of ploughing, harrowing, hoeing, sowing, reaping, housing, &c. could not be well performed by those who have been accustomed to the air and climate of Great Britain.

'How great has been the astonishment of many to find, that this same English prairie is indebted to the sweat, the toil, the groans, the heart-breaking pangs of slavery! Indeed, there is good reason to

believe, that the western territory will for ever be subject to that species of labour; the heat of the climate being too great for white men's constitutions. In the months of July and August, the heat is absolutely intolerable.'

He then gives a topographical account of the Canadas, and points out their advantages to the settler at some length. He says,—

'Farms of one hundred acres, with a small log-house, and a barn, thirty acres of the land being previously prepared for cultivation, may be bought for from 150l. to 200l. In the townships, which are very extensive, and in many parts not more than fifty or eighty miles from the city of Montreal, the great emporium of the Canadas, farms may be bought on the above terms.

'Land in a state of nature may be bought for from ten shillings to two pounds per acre, at a credit of from five to ten years, paying six per cent. interest to the owner. This land, to be cleared and made fit for sowing, will cost about three or four pounds per acre more, in the Lower Province; in the Upper Province, about six pounds per acre; labour not being so plentiful there.

'There are, at present, many opportunities of getting farms, at no great distance from Montreal, where is received the produce of the most remote settlements of Upper Canada, as well as that of the rich and fertile district of which it bears the name. Nor is there, at this time, any difficulty in obtaining farms in the district of the Three Rivers, or of that of Quebec; but as the district of Montreal possesses a more congenial climate, lying in a more southerly direction, I would, by all means, recommend emigration to those parts.

'In upper Canada, plenty of land may be had at from two to four dollars per acre, in a state of nature, and, with some clearing, for a moderate consideration.

'From what I have here briefly stated, I trust an adequate idea of the value of land in Canada may be collected. The next thing is to consider the average expense attending its cultivation. This will include a view of many articles of expenditure, not solely agricultural, but which necessarily, in a partial manner, enter into all calculations of this nature. The usual price of labour on farms, is from one shilling and eight-pence to two shillings and six-pence per day, with board; if without board, four shillings and two-pence. An annual farming servant, besides board and lodging, has from 15l. to 24l. wages per annum; and a woman servant of all-work, from 6l. to 12l. per annum.'

The minor details, as to the expenses of managing farms, as well as the prices of produce, we pass over, only observing that they are all highly favourable to the emigrant. Although American settlers are very numerous in Canada,

yet they are not very favourably received, and emigrants from Great Britain are the most desirable:—

‘These, whether in the several capacities of farmers, tradesmen, shopkeepers, labourers, or mechanics, need not despair of meeting with encouragement in these provinces. Blacksmiths, besides board, receive 5s. wages per day; masons, bricklayers, plaisterers, carpenters, wheelwrights, and shoemakers, generally board themselves, and receive 10s. wages per day.’

‘Those who go out with a view to get work as labourers, will do well to leave England in April, as they will thereby arrive at a time when work is plentiful. If they leave Europe in July or August, they will arrive too late to obtain a permanent situation for the winter. In that case they will act prudently to take money sufficient to supply them for some months. Those whose object is to enter into agricultural pursuits, arrive, of course, too late to enable them to obtain a crop the first year. They must, therefore, come provided for such a delay.’

‘Many persons who go out from England, find themselves disappointed from a want of previous adequate investigation of the difficulties they must naturally encounter in such an undertaking; and they increase those difficulties greatly by not making an early decision, but hesitating and halting, till delay has consumed a great part of that property which was requisite to their comfortable establishment on their arrival. Others are disheartened at the commencement of their new undertaking, because they have not made themselves previously acquainted with the business which they are to subsist by, on their arrival on these shores. Persons should not emigrate to America for the purpose of learning how to become farmers, unless they can, in the very first instance, command a sufficient capital to maintain them, and those whom they may find it necessary to call to their aid, till they have acquired that knowledge, and realized the substantial fruits of it. This must necessarily be a work of considerable time.’

The Appendix contains much valuable information for the emigrant, on the subject of husbandry, which he will do well to consult, as well as the whole volume, in which the subject is treated briefly but ably.

We have hitherto been speaking of the Canadas generally; but the pamphlet which we have placed second at the head of this article, recommends Upper Canada in preference, although its value, the author thinks, is ‘inexcusably under-rated in England.’ The plan of the author is somewhat romantic. He recommends to parishes to subscribe a sufficient sum to transfer the poor who are chargeable on them

to Canada, where they will not only soon be able to support themselves, but also to repay the capital expended with interest. He calculates, that to settle a hundred families (five hundred persons), will require 20,000l. which would be repaid in ten years. As the scheme has nothing feasible in it, and there is no danger of its ever being attempted to be carried into execution, it is unnecessary to shew its fallacy; but of all the plans for alleviating distress and relieving the unemployed labourers of England, it is the most preposterous.

Italy and the Italians in the Nineteenth Century.

(Concluded from p. 503.)

OUR traveller, after quitting Genoa, of which we gave an account in our last, re-visited Naples, and gleaned some new information worthy of communicating to his readers; and from which we shall first quote his account of the manner of spending Christmas at Naples:—

‘On Christmas eve, the city of Naples resembles a town taken by storm. A quantity of rockets of various descriptions, some weighing above a pound, are thrown out of the windows as a sign of rejoicing, to the great annoyance of the passengers. A continual noise is kept up in this manner till day break. Such irregularity in a civilized country is a matter of surprise to foreigners: but the natives seem remarkably fond of boisterous diversions, and at every festival of any particular saint, a considerable sum is laid out in fire-works. Government having the monopoly of gunpowder, derives a considerable revenue from it.’

‘During the nine days preceding Christmas, an evening service is performed in the churches in commemoration of the nativity of Christ, and which is known by the name of *la Novena di Natale*; that of the royal chapel in the palace, is distinguished by excellent singing. On this occasion I saw the king and many of the nobility attend with much devotion. His majesty is known to be a regular observer of the practices of religious worship.’

‘A number of shepherds, from the mountains of Abruzzi, and from the neighbouring Apennine regions, come to the capital regularly every year, two or three weeks before Christmas, and go about the streets playing on their bagpipes, announcing the approaching festivity. Most of the Neapolitan families engage some of these itinerant musicians to play at their houses for a quarter of an hour on each day of the *Novena*, for a trifling remuneration; the wild appearance of these mountaineers, their uncouth dress, the simplicity of their manners, and

the shrill notes of their pipes, attract the attention of the traveller. At the same epoch, groups of Calabrese peasants from the opposite part of the kingdom repair to Naples with their harps, which are their national instruments.

‘It is customary here, as well as in other parts of Italy, at Christmas time, to construct in the churches and in several private houses, representations of the birth-place of our Saviour, with appropriate figures, and which are known by the name of *presepio*. Some of them are arranged with great skill, and exhibit a variety of scenery, in which the rule of perspective are very well preserved. The natural taste of the Italians for the fine arts is particularly remarkable on these occasions. The stable in which Christ was born, and from which the name of *presepio* is taken, forms, of course, the prominent feature of the scene, and the landscape around it is a fanciful assemblage of groves and meadows, streams and cascades, cottages and grottos, long avenues and distant mountains. These models are made of a variety of materials, such as cork, wood, turf, &c. the figures are made of clay, very naturally painted, and in various costumes; shepherds with their flocks and cattle, travellers, soldiers, &c. The details are generally elegant and picturesque, but the whole often exhibits an odd mixture of inconsistencies. I have seen a *presepio* in the house of a lawyer, in the street of Forcelle, constructed on a large scale and in a magnificent style, containing several hundred figures, which has cost the owner some thousands of ducats, and in which the Virgin Mary appeared standing, dressed as a queen, under a beautiful Grecian portico, receiving the homage of kings accompanied by a brilliant retinue, while the guards, with their spears, kept the intruding multitude at a respectful distance. The Ottoman crescent and the imperial eagle of Austria appeared on the banners of their majesties. Some of the *presepi* are constructed on terraces in the open air, and others in apartments, and shewn by candle-light. Free admission is given *gratis*, according to the liberal custom of the Italian gentry.’

The Neapolitans are very superstitious, and are much addicted to the belief of witchcraft and of other supernatural powers:—

‘A science,’ says the author, ‘upon which I have heard frequent dissertations, is *la magia bianca*, a kind of lawful intercourse with invisible spirits, by which adepts obtain a knowledge of the most secret things: they have cabalistical calculations through which they pretend to find out the prize numbers that will be drawn at the next lottery. These people are chiefly monks and priests, who live very retired, are difficult of access, and speak by enigmas. I have frequently heard wonderful accounts of people winning great prizes through their means, the circum-

stances of which, and the authority I had them from, would almost shake my incredulity. Some of the most celebrated among these seers, have been at different times exiled by the police as obnoxious persons. A belief in the secret science of these people is very generally spread among all classes of Neapolitans and of Sicilians, however incredulous in other respects. A German professor of music travelling lately through Sicily, arrived at Catania, where he had some respectable introductions and was received very kindly. Nature, however, had bestowed upon him an odd forbidding aspect; there was something mysterious in his deportment, and he appeared fond of study and retirement; all these circumstances persuaded some of his new Sicilian acquaintances that he was a fit person to apply to for numbers of the lottery; they therefore inticed him one day into some sequestered mansion, and when they had him seated, they brought pen, ink, and paper before him, telling him resolutely, at the same time, that they would not allow him to go before he gave them a good *terno*, i. e. three prize numbers for the next lottery. The astonished German stared, smiled, argued, and remonstrated, but to no purpose; fearing the worst, he was obliged to act unwillingly the part of an impostor; with much gravity he wrote down three numbers at random, and hastened immediately after to leave the place secretly before the result of the lottery could be known.

The present government of Naples, though arbitrary, is said to be mild; the greatest subject of complaint being in this as in all countries in Europe—oppressive taxation—an evil first introduced in Italy by the French, but not diminished after the restoration. The public opinion is generally favourable with regard to the reigning family, and the hereditary princes are much respected and beloved. Of Murat's character, the author forms a correct estimate:—

‘Joachim Murat, a man of whom the eventful career and the tragical end form a distinguished feature in the history of the last war; Murat has left behind him a name, which serves still in this country as a rallying point for many. He had the qualities of a soldier of fortune: he was brave, frank, and naturally disposed to generosity; uneducated, but possessed of good sense and penetration; he was vain of his person, fond of show, magnificence, and pleasure, but yet he preserved the manliness of a warrior. Such a man could not fail to recommend himself to the Neapolitans, a people easily dazzled by external appearance and brilliant endowments. Appointed to the throne of Naples just after the short but tyrannical reign of Joseph Buonaparte and of his detested minister Saliceti, Murat appeared as a deliverer. He flattered the prej-

udices of the people, listened to their grievances even in the middle of the streets, he showed mercy to many of the discontented who had openly committed themselves, he pursued a moderate and conciliatory system in the refractory provinces; he had a fine army, a brilliant retinue, and an expensive household; in short, had he been independent of his brother-in-law Napoleon, he might have been the regenerator of this country. As it was, he certainly corrected many abuses, he encouraged civilization and industry, and effected considerable ameliorations in the different branches of internal administration; but his measures were partial, he was fettered and cramped, and his general system of government being subservient to that of Napoleon, was arbitrary and violent. A French military resident was stationed at Naples, as a representative of the French Emperor, to watch all the steps of Murat, and to thwart any measure that might be obnoxious to the sovereign empire. French officers and greedy employes swarmed in Naples; Murat was obliged to submit, although unwillingly; he had several serious disputes with his imperial relative, and his consort Caroline went even to Paris to deprecate the wrath of her brother.

‘On his return to Naples after the battle of Leipzig, Murat thought of availing himself of the golden opportunity to be at last a real and not a nominal king. He opened his ports, made friendly proposals to the belligerent powers, and seemed to be sincere in his determination to abandon the *Continental system*, which, he publicly said to the assembled merchants, was not suited to the position and to the interests of the Neapolitan kingdom. But he soon after began to show his incapacity as a statesman:—

“Tel brille au second rang qui s'eclipse au premier.”

‘His policy was crooked and false, both towards his brother-in-law who had been his benefactor, and to the allies who were to be his protectors. In his campaign on the southern bank of the Po, in 1814, he appeared undecided, and after the treaty of Paris, instead of being satisfied with the kingdom of Naples, he continued to occupy by force the province of Ancona, over which he had no claim whatever, and he began to aspire to the sovereignty of all Italy. He roused thereby the suspicions of Austria and the other allied powers, whose good will it would have been his interest to conciliate; and when, in the year following, he made his rash and unjustifiable incursion in the north of Italy he found himself sadly deceived in all his ambitious calculations.’

From Naples, our author sailed for Corsica, and there is something very poetical in his description of the voyage; we select a passage:—

‘Next day we were becalmed; we could see at a distance the high land above Leghorn, and the mountains of La Spezia,

the eastern extremity of the Ligurian Apennines. To the westward we saw the craggy coast of Capo Corso, the sides of its mountains covered with dark woods and a few lonely habitations on the seashore. A fine moon-light night succeeded as beautiful a day; one of those nights only to be met with in southern latitudes. The wind was hushed and the sea quite calm; a solemn stillness prevailed, scarcely interrupted by the faint report of the distant surge beating against the dark cliffs of Corsica. Now and then a porpoise would dash in playful sport through the waters, and ruffle for a moment their even surface. The full moon threw its silvery light on the distant scenery, while its beams were reflected in a brilliant stripe over the liquid plain. The sailors lay stretched on deck unemployed; the steersman still clung to the helm, to avail himself of the expected midnight breeze. Lovely climate, where the elements are seldom at war with man, where winter is scarce deserving the name, where ten months in the year are blessed with such nights and days! On the following morning we weathered Capo Corso with a light easterly breeze; but the wind shifting all at once to the north-west, the very point we were steering for, we kept tacking all day in sight of the western coast of Corsica, off the gulph of San Fiorenzo and the mountains of Calvi, names well known in modern British history as the early stage of the exploits of the immortal Nelson. That bleak Corsica, those craggy summits, have witnessed the valour of the English arms: there is, indeed, scarce a spot laved by the waters of the Mediterranean, which has not been consecrated by the blood and made illustrious by the heroism of the sons of Britain!’

Of the Corsicans he gives a very unfavourable character. He says, every year numerous murders are committed, and instead of uniting their efforts for the common good, for the general interests of the country, the Corsicans seem only intent upon injuring and destroying one another:—

‘The relatives think themselves bound to revenge the death of their murdered kinsman, by a similar act of violence; it is to them a sacred duty, dictated by affection and honour, which, if they neglect, they see the ghost of the deceased frowning upon them, like that whom Dante describes in his *Inferno*. The widow treasures up the bloody shirt of her lost consort, to shew to her young offspring when arrived at an age to appreciate the dictates of *filial duty* which those fatal stains are intended to convey. A hasty word, a spiteful or contemptuous look, are often sufficient to ensure destruction, and a well-aimed shot pierces the breast of the imprudent victim before he has time to be aware of his danger. The people in the country go about armed with daggers, a musket on the shoulder, equally ready for attack or defence.

Such is the moral state of Corsica. Those of the inhabitants whose character or education makes them turn in disgust from such a savage system, emigrate to the continent, and seldom return to their native land. They carry their talents to the best or most convenient market, and they generally succeed by perseverance. There are at the present time, many conspicuous characters, both civil and military, in the service of the principal powers of Europe, who are natives of this land, and who do high credit to their country, shewing thereby what the whole nation might be capable of. The Corsicans, although proud of their countryman Napoleon, were never much affectionate to him, and during the period of his power, he had, perhaps, less partizans among his countrymen, in proportion to their numbers, than among any other people subordinate to his sway. They complain bitterly of his having totally neglected his native country, and that he did not direct to have even a good road constructed to communicate through the different parts of the island.*

We shall conclude with an anecdote which occurred at Marseilles, on the restoration:—

'The Marseillois, and, generally speaking, the inhabitants of Provence, continue to be attached to the king; the Bonapartists are few, and despised in the province. In the last changes, some acts of popular revenge took place against several obnoxious persons, who had been in employment under Bonaparte; but they were few, compared to those which happened in Languedoc, and other provinces of France. The Mamelukes, a body of Egyptians who had followed the French on their return from that country, and who were stationed at Marseilles, were particularly marked out as the victims of the popular fury, which they had drawn upon themselves by their overbearing and insolent behaviour in the time of their power. Many of them were killed; and the fate of one of their women, a black, was peculiarly distressing; with the obstinate and stupid fanaticism of an African, she continued to cry *vive l'empereur*, while all around her were in revolt against that name, and she would never submit to be silent. Surrounded and ill-treated by the enraged populace, she threw herself into the sea, probably with the intention of swimming across the harbour, but while in the water she was aimed at and shot by one of the mob, and her body drawn ashore amidst imprecations.'

The Appendix to this very interesting and unassuming volume, contains some elegant specimens of modern Italian literature, including extracts from Lord Byron's *Giaour*, which has been successfully translated by Pelligrino Rossi; some pastoral songs and sonnets, in the Sicilian language, by L'Abate Meli; the Address to the Sun

and Moon, and other passages from Ossian's poems, which have been freely translated by Cesarotti; some odes and sonnets from Parini, &c. &c. These extracts are judiciously selected, and well calculated to give a very favourable opinion of modern Italian literature, with which the author is evidently very well acquainted. In closing this volume, which we have drawn upon very largely, without impoverishing it in interest, (for an ample quantity remains behind, we cannot but recommend the modesty and good sense of its intelligent author; and we are sure we shall receive the thanks of all our readers for introducing to them a volume in which a fertile but hack-nied subject is treated with novelty and elegance.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BATTAS,

A RACE OF CANNIBALS IN THE INTERIOR OF SUMATRA.

[In a former number of the *Literary Chronicle*, we gave an account of the first production of the press in Van Dieman's Land; and we can now give an interesting extract from the first book ever printed in the island of Sumatra, entitled '*Maylayan Miscellanies*.' We are indebted for the article to the fifth number of the '*Investigator*,' a quarterly publication, which, from the well known talents of the gentlemen who conduct it*, as well as from the excellence of its plan, promises to hold a high rank among the periodicals of the day. —ED.]

THE Battas of the interior have an invincible prejudice to the sight of the sea, which they suppose to be the residence of evil spirits; and this circumstance, added to the little communication they have with Malays, or people of any intelligence, renders all account of this singular race of people extremely vague and limited. The sources of my information, are the chiefs of Tapanuli and Sorkom, the latter of whom have twice visited the Tohbah country, which is the parent state: consequently, these memorandums relate only to the countries interior, and the northward of Tapanuli; excepting for produce, however, this description will answer for the countries to the southward of Tapanuli. The Batta country commences on the borders of the Acheen districts, in the province of Karoh, as pointed out by Mr. Marsden in his map of Sumatra, and extends to the back of Ayer Bonjii, south. The districts which are difficult of communication,

* The avowed editors are Dr. Collyer, the Rev. Thomas Raffles, and Dr. Brown, the biographer of Howard the philanthropist.

and excite a desire of being known, are at a distance of from three to six days' journey inland. Their population is numerous, as may be well conjectured from the vast consumption of salt, which it is erroneous to suppose is eaten by the Battas in larger quantities than by any other class of people. Their stature is much above the middle size, and their voice uncommonly strong and sonorous. The country is open and cultivated, and the air keen and healthy. The space separating it from the sea-shore, supports a race of people inferior in stature, power, and wealth, but having a common origin with those of the interior. Whether the face of this part of the country, which is covered with impenetrable forests, produces a climate obnoxious to the constitution, I cannot pretend to say; but it is evident that the inhabitants of these districts resemble those of the former in little more than their language. The population is also inferior; and their villages are at a greater distance from each other, on account of the necessity of choosing a spot favourable to cultivation, and contiguous to a rivulet; for which reason, they commonly reside in the valleys. I understand these parts to have been originally peopled by speculatists, wanderers, and outcasts from Tohbah, who, in the course of time, and from various causes, have established themselves into chiefships; hence the almost constant state of war in which they are engaged with each other. Among them, reside the Pangalongs, or traders, who keep open the communication with the interior countries, by conveying thither salt, iron, silk chindies, gongs, and other commodities from the settlements on the shore, receiving in payment, dollars, horses, and grain. The only mode of conveyance is on the backs of men; but in the interior, horses are made use of.

The only mountains of consequence throughout the whole extent of the Tohbah country, appear to be Palakir and Mahtimbong. The former is both an object of veneration, from a conception the natives have that it is the chief residence of the evil spirits; and a source of utility, because they are supplied from it throughout Tohbah, with chunam, to eat with the siri leaf; its surface being covered with cockle-shells. The only visible inhabitants, are tame pigeons, which the natives religiously feed. These two mountains are the highest in the knowledge of the Battas. Nor does the Batta coun-

try seem to contain the source of more rivers than any other division of the island, though it has certainly the singularity of possessing a fresh water lake in the district of Baligah, in the centre of which is a large island, well peopled. Sampans, large and small, are made use of for fishing, and conveyance from and to the island; to reach which, without a sail, occupies half a day; the whole breadth of the lake may, consequently, be paddled over in a day. The only winds that blow over its surface, are east, west, and north, on account of the direction given to them by the surrounding mountains. They are, however, sometimes so violent, as to occasion a considerable surf on the shores, in which the sampans are sometimes upset. The lake is bordered with a sandy beach all round, and is called Laut Towah. From this lake descends a river, which empties itself into the sea on the eastern side of Sumatra, the name of which I could not ascertain. It is also connected with the river of Batang Tano on this side.

I have already noticed the difference in stature between the inhabitants of the interior and those residing nearer the sea coast; their features are, however, similar, both being remarkable for an extraordinary straight mouth, not of the smallest size. The clothing described by Mr. Marsden is very just; though the better sort, and Rajahs who can afford it, wear very fine blue deitahs or turbans on their heads, and silk chindies round their waists; the commonalty are contented with a wisp of straw, or the bark of a tree, and coarse cloth of their own manufacture. These cloths are, however, greatly superior in the country of Anrohlo, to the southward of Tapanuli, where great ingenuity and taste are displayed in the workmanship and introduction of such colours as they can procure, the lower part being ornamented with a vandyke fringe of variegated beads. The kam-pil siri, or siri bag, is very neat, made of straw, and curiously ornamented with beads; one side of the mouth laps over like a pocket-book, to the extremity of which is suspended a string of beads, three or four feet long, of various sizes and colours, ending with a little bell. The pipe consists of a brass tube, about three feet long, curiously engraved, with an ornamented bowl, and a stopper of the same metal, connected by a small chain. The arms of the chiefs are generally encircled above the elbow with a bracelet of kimu, or Asuaso: ear-rings, or drops of a trian-

gular form, made of an inferior sort of gold, are also the ornaments of a rajah. The women, as in most uncivilized countries, are paid little attention to; and their dress is nothing more than the coarse cloth tied under the arms, and not extending below the knee; the better sorts wear vests of similar workmanship to the cloths of Anrohlo.

A kampong will contain from one to two hundred people, one third of whom, probably, may be children. The houses in the interior are well built of plank, curiously carved, covered with iju in its raw state, and are sometimes a hundred feet long, without a division in them. The parents and all relations live together, if they can agree, or the building can contain them; the entrance, which they close at night, is by a ladder in the centre, from underneath; on every side of the house are large windows. The buildings of the inhabitants near the sea are miserable erections; under each house, are the hogs, cattle, or buffaloes of the owner; and as these compartments are never cleaned, the appearance of a Batta kampong resembles that of a buffalo kandong in rainy weather. The kampongs, in times of hostility, are enclosed by a parapet of sod, about four feet high; outside of which are one, two, and even three, strong paggars of split camphor trees, reaching to the height of the windows of the houses, furnished with platforms in the inside, for the besieged to fire from; and the whole is surrounded with an abbatis of briers, and well planted with ranjaus. The entrance is narrow, and over it is a platform, protected by briers, from which they fire on those approaching; the gate or door is strong, and closed by timber wedged against it.

The principal occupation of every member of a family, is husbandry. The low grounds are ploughed; the hills are simply cleared of their wood. The tobacco planted in the northern and interior country, is of an inferior quality, and is smoked nearly in a green state; what I have seen is shredded like the Java tobacco. The cloth is made by the women. The country abounding with sulphur and saltpetre, every chief manufactures his own powder; but it is coarse, and will not long preserve its strength.

Their knowledge of the efficacy of particular shrubs, herbs, and roots, for the removal of many disorders, and healing of sores and wounds, is extensive; and they are not less expert in the selection and administration of dif-

ferent poisons, from those of the most deadly and sudden nature, to others of a less violent, though equally fatal effect. I have seen many suffering under the effects of the latter. The victim of revenge is not insensible of his situation, and sees the mournful prospect of many years to be passed in pain and torment, for the gratification of his implacable enemy. Soom, a China medicine, (for a small stick of which, three or four inches long, a hundred dollars is paid) is the only antidote to these poisons; but it is so seldom to be procured, and the circumstances of the person are in general so inadequate to the purchase, that it is very rare those once poisoned ever recover.

The Battas, with whom the company's settlements to the northward have communication, are a faithless, litigious, vindictive, and an independent race of people. I am sorry to say, I cannot allow them a single virtue. It is only the dread of punishment from a superior power, that will keep them in any degree of subordination, or excite them to the performance of their engagements. It is by no means uncommon for a chief to conceal his real inclinations with so much art, as to receive a compensation as a bribe from both parties, either for his assistance in the wars, or his opinion on a trial. A dispute, of which the value will not exceed ten dollars, is sufficient to set two kampongs, or districts, at war; though in this case, it is not so much the consideration of the sum, (for ten times the amount is probably expended before it is concluded, besides the loss of lives) as the mutual dislike to surrender the point which has caused the difference; and unless mediators appear from other districts, a war of this nature will continue for months and years. They carry their revenge to such an extent, as to eat their prisoners. Should the adverse party have attempted to burn the kampong, or should the war happen to be on a point of consequence, if they cannot vent their hatred in a public manner, they resort to their favourite resource, poison. Some idea of their obstinacy or independence (I believe it should be termed the former) may be obtained, from the conduct of Batta Koolies, hired to work in the company's settlements: they will continue their services as long only as they please; so that unloading a cargo of salt with dispatch, depends on their good humour: the instant an example is made of those who are unwilling to

proceed in their work, the rest run away to the main, and leave you to finish the business as you can. The Rajahs have no authority over them; and your only satisfaction is the curtailing of their wages, which they willingly admit, from a consciousness that they have gained their point, and can in future have an opportunity of retaliating, by refusing their services. This circumstance (although the inconvenience attending it is now removed) is sufficient to give you an idea of the impossibility of urging the execution of any scheme or plan, contrary to their real wishes, even when supported by the opinion and concurrence of their chief.

The authority of a chief is hereditary to the son or brother, and founded solely on his abilities in regard to the sway he has among his people: his right to that part of the country no one will dispute; but if he be not prompt to resent insult, ready to take advantage of the weak and credulous, endowed with facility of speech and argument, bold in war and rapine, he has but few adherents; who, in return for their services, require from him those qualities, which will protect them in their agricultural pursuits during peace, and lead them to victory in war. Every kampong of consequence is well furnished with matchlocks; and being easily supplied with powder and ball of their own manufacture, they frequently practise firing at a mark, and are, in general, excellent shots.

The Rajah and his adherents being unanimous in the necessity of having recourse to arms, (all discussions of a public nature requiring the presence of the commonalty) presents and messengers are dispatched to other Rajahs, to join, or preserve their neutrality. This being ascertained, the people are collected by each chief, feasted on buffalo meat, and the cause of the war is loudly proclaimed, accompanied by the music of gongs, drums, and fifes. During this, they supplicate the anger of evil spirits, that their undertaking may succeed; and every man binds himself by oath, to be true to the cause, in taking of which, he participates of the buffalo. The next thing is, to announce the declaration of war to their enemies, which is done by erecting in the road leading to their kampong, a number of reeds, and the wooden figure of a human face on a post, from which a bamboo, containing the cause of enmity, is suspended. A matchlock is then fired, to draw atten-

tion to the spot, and the party returns: after this, every opportunity is taken for annoying each other, and the war is the cause of much privation and confinement; as the husbandman is afraid to work in his lading, lest he should be shot or carried off by a party of the enemy, of whom there are always small detachments on the look out for the defenceless. Day-break is generally the time of attack, superstition prohibiting any other part of the twenty-four hours to be so appropriated.

Original Communications.

LIFE,

AS DISPLAYED IN THE SOJOURNINGS OF
LOFTUS GREY.

Collected, Methodized, and Conglomerated,
By W. B. L.

Proem.

ON the western side of a delightful valley, the precise site and designation of which is in nowise material or necessary, stands a neat and pleasant cottage. It had been originally raised by the rude hand of some speculative rustic, who, without having studied that sublime work of 'Hartelmann on Architecture' (necessary even in the construction of a hog-sty), had contrived to rear one of the prettiest places in the world. Nature, however, blushing for the rude neglect of her sister, had hidden its white walls with clusters of the honey-suckle, jasmine, and grape-vine, which threw their saucy branches wherever and however they list, sometimes spreading over the very casements through which the light of heaven was to enter. In this sweet dwelling abides one whom it has been my happiness to call 'friend,' and a better never breathed upon the earth. In early life, we were school-boys together—we mutually participated in the pleasures and the sorrows which our young days brought; we read from the same book; we sate upon the same form; shared the same bed; and, more than all besides, were flogged by the same cane. We were taken from school at no distant interval, he to a life of busy diversity, I to—no matter. After a lapse of forty years, an accidental fancy led us to select for the residence of our elder age, the same spot. We met again!—and we will never part more.

We have both had our troubles, and they have been many; but while my share has thickened upon me in the monotonous scenes of domestic life, he

has foughten hard battles with a varying fortune in climates far from his native land. If he has had to wrestle with necessities abroad, it has been mine to encounter with fate at home—and God knows it has often been a bitter one.

But I am not going to talk about myself; that is, only inasmuch as it is necessary to the absolute edulcoration of my proem: perhaps I may do more; I cannot help it—I am an old man, and must have my way.

There has been much discoursed upon the reciprocity of feeling necessary to the constitution of true friendship, and it is, no doubt, all very true: we, however, are an existing negative to its necessity; for, never, I think, were two more heterogeneous or dissimilar. He was always a bold, generous, and warm-hearted fellow, brave as a lion, but hasty, impetuous, and ardent. I—not but I was bold, and generous, and warm-hearted too,—was something differing. He lacked prudence and circumspection—I, none. I was always a cautious lad, and never overfond of displaying those dashing qualities which characterized him:—for this reason; they frequently led to broken sconces and bodily contusions—things for which, such was the perversity of my disposition, I never had any mighty partiality. No one could be more ready to award his meed of praise to the exhibition of prowess and of courage than I; but, somehow, my own fiery feeling would (particularly in the case of a clenched fist, or a bent brow) instantaneously mellow down into compassionating pity, or the most sovereign contempt. On the score of corporeal illumination it is more difficult to speak, as much lieth in the way of phantasy:—a slight contrast will be pardonable.

He was a tall well-formed boy, and of a presence easy, graceful, and commanding; his face was open as a summer-day, and an eye quite as bright; his complexion was of that kind which the world usually calls dark; but it possessed that beautiful tint of gold which the setting sun spreads over all things in an autumn evening.

Now, to be more prolix on a point, which here neglected might be lost for ever—the distinguishing lines of beauty in myself were altogether different, and my manner of make directly reversed. I, too, was above the common standing, but exquisitely slender; the neck, in the article of length was, if any thing, more liberal than stunted,

but as it was the means of somewhat propelling beyond the *sternum* a head of delightful rotundity, the exuberance was nothing discoverable. Touching the visage, it consisted of a series of bold outlines; setting at utter derision all symmetrical proportion; it is true the formation of the jaw was upon an enlarged principle, and the lip pulpy and full; but then the mouth, by the external separation of its component parts—the nether of which something recedent—gave relief to a fine nose of exceeding capacity; the eyes were dusky, finely orbed, and protruding withal. In the matter of complexion, it was sombre and expressive, well fitted to the features adorned and adorning. (A pert young jack-a-napes, with whom I was everlastingly on terms of a dog-and-cat intimacy, was wont to observe that, in point of bloom, I might have put any calf-skin to the blush; but that was mere spite, and I never much regarded it.) My deportment was easy, extra-ordinary, and peculiarly elegant, that is in its own peculiar way. My arms, slightly exceeding the usual allowance of length, were swung into the air and round about my person with a negligent and alternate sway, corresponding most harmoniously with the elasticity of the respective supporters of the fabric; of each of which latter, the mediating patella had such an eternal propensity to salutation, you might have sworn that from their first construction, they had never fallen out. And with such constituents, it may be well imagined I was more than ordinarily vain of the outward man. I have been triflingly diffuse as concerneth myself, not so much from vanity as from a desire to rectify those conflicting statements of mine adonisian qualifications, which, much to my personal detriment, have gone abroad into the world. But I have done.

One morning, unexpectedly, discovered him enveloped in huge heaps of memoranda, and in deep and busy conversation with their contents. Opining they were but matter of a pound-and-pence moment, and after seemly and decorous greeting, I proceeded to supply the vacuum of my appropriated seat, quietly to await his disengagement. 'I have been familiarizing with some old acquaintance,' said he, 'and we have held most healthful discussion.'—'And with all courtly courtesy, I pray you, which be they,' asked I, cleansing my brows from the dust which had gathered thereabout. 'I have often said to thee,' he rejoined,

after a pause of some length, 'I have often said to thee, my good old friend, that in my more active days, it was my occupation to note down every circumstance worth an after recollection, running it into detail whenever it listed my inclinations. I have this morning gone through them again, and they have reminded me of scenes almost forgotten, peopled my remembrance with the bright vision of things fading from it, and told me—a long tale of former misdoings.'

His assumed voice and manner in the commencement, and the strong emotion in the conclusion of his speaking, gave me much disquiet, and the tear which stood beneath his eyelid, told forcibly of internal agitation.

He resumed: 'These papers contain every incident of my life I deemed it useful to record; relate every occurrence which yielded pleasure or afforded sorrow; pleasures which in many, many instances have left nothing but the tale behind; and sorrow which must be carried to the grave. They have excited feelings which seek no sympathy, and must require none of this world. I have often spoken of my intention to disclose to you the wild adventures of my former life, and this intention I now realize. In many instances you will find the narration broken and abrupt; these deficiencies you will easily supply. And now, my kind friend,' continued he, squeezing my hand, 'now thou wilt see me as I am and as I have been; my heart will stand confessed before thee; and may I hereafter meet with that forgiveness which I know thy own will yield me. If you deem the relation would afford amusement or instruction, make of them what use you will, so you cloak them in a fictitious guise, for to-day we will part—to-morrow all things will be as usual; till then, farewell.'

Availing myself of this license, many weeks were spent in rendering into an eligible form, the mass of writings with which he thus furnished me; and I am now pleased to take no small praise in viewing their present arrangement. My friend knows not in what absolute publicity they go; but so they prove what I incline to hope will be their effects, eminently welcome, happy, and beneficial, I willingly hold responsible my own proper self for the results*.

* We had intended to give some portion of the 'eventful life' of Mr. Loftus Grey in our present number, but the length of our Correspondent's poem prevents our proceeding further until our next.—ED.

Biography.

HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN CAROLINE.

(Concluded from p. 507.)

THE birth of the Princess Charlotte did not, in the slightest degree, tend to reconcile her illustrious parents, and, a few months after this event, Lord Cholmondeley, the confidential adviser of the Prince of Wales, was deputed to signify to the Princess his wish for an immediate separation, and that the mother and the child should quit Carlton House. The Princess, not satisfied with a verbal communication of so important a nature, wished to have the will of her husband expressed in more specific terms, when the Prince wrote the following letter to his wife:—

'Windsor Castle, April 30, 1796:
'Madam,—As Lord Cholmondeley informs me that you wish I would define in writing the specific terms upon which we are to live, I shall endeavour to explain myself upon that head with as much clearness and with as much propriety as the nature of the subject will admit. *Our inclinations are not in our power, nor should either of us be held answerable to the other, because nature has not made us suitable to each other.* Tranquil and comfortable society is, however, in our power: let our intercourse, therefore, be restricted to that, and I will distinctly subscribe to the condition which you required through Lady Cholmondeley, that even in the event of any accident happening to my daughter, which, I trust, Providence in his mercy will avert, I should not infringe the terms of this restriction by proposing, at any period, a connection of a more particular nature. I shall now finally close this disagreeable correspondence, trusting, that as we have completely explained ourselves to each other, the rest of our lives will be past in uninterrupted tranquillity. I am, Madam, with great truth, very sincerely, your's,

(Signed) 'George, P.'

To this letter the Princess returned an answer, in which she said that it neither surprised nor offended her, as it merely confirmed what the Prince tacitly insinuated for a twelve month; but she wished it to be distinctly understood that the arrangement did not proceed from herself, but that the 'credit of it' belonged to her husband alone.

On the subject of this correspond-

ence, so open to animadversion, we shall not remark, further than that the Princess was discarded, without the slightest imputation of crime, and for no other ostensible pretext than mere 'want of inclination.' The separation, however, took place, and the mother, exiled from the house of her husband, retired to Montague House, Blackheath, where maternal solicitude for a much-loved child became her chief occupation. When she had remained about eight years at Blackheath, some circumstances occurred which seemed to imply a doubt entertained in a high quarter of the propriety of the Princess's conduct. It is quite unnecessary to enter into any detail of the events which took place in 1806 and 1807; the nature of the solemn investigation and the acquittal of the Princess from all criminality are circumstances too well known to be detailed at length.

One remarkable circumstance followed this acquittal, the elevation of the legal advocate and confidential adviser of the Princess to one of the highest offices of the state. This was the late Spencer Perceval, who, being entrusted with the defence of the Princess, afterwards prepared a statement of the whole evidence, &c., and actually had 5000 copies of it printed, and a day announced for its publication. Before that day arrived, Mr. Perceval became Chancellor of the Exchequer, with the power of nominating several of his colleagues. That the Princess of Wales was the ladder by which Mr. Perceval ascended to promotion (and he has not been the only one) there cannot be a doubt; for no sooner was he seated in power, than he became anxious to destroy every copy of the Report of the Investigation, emphatically called the *Book*. A few copies and odd sheets had, however, escaped him, and these he purchased afterwards at immense prices. A Mr. Dobson got £700 for a copy. Mr. Peter Stewart, the brother to the principal proprietor of the Courier newspaper, we believe, got double the sum for a copy, and Mr. Blagdon received £1000 for another. At length other copies were heard of, for which from five to twenty thousand pounds were demanded. After the conclusion of this investigation, the Princess was restored to her situation at court; and when fresh insinuations took place against her character in 1812, Mr. Perceval bore testimony in parliament to her innocence.

In 1813 it was found that fresh inquiries and investigations were going on against the Princess, but these were less public and equally abortive as the former ones, and the innocence of the Princess was, through the instrumentality of the late Mr. Whitbread, again proclaimed in parliament.

An event now occurred, which, more than any other circumstance, affected the mind of the Princess; this was the depriving her of the guardianship, and, soon after, of the society of her daughter. Every tie thus weakened or broken, and exposed daily to new vexations, the Princess determined to make a tour on the continent. Parliament made a new provision for her Royal Highness, fixing her income at £50,000 a-year, but she generously relinquished £15,000 on account of the heavy pressure under which the people laboured.

The Princess of Wales left England in August, 1814; she embarked at Worthing on board the English frigate the *Jason*, accompanied by Lady Charlotte Lindsay, Lady Elizabeth Forbes, her maids of honour, and other persons of her household. Her Royal Highness first proceeded to Genoa, thence to Naples, where she was treated with great honour at the court of Murat; afterwards, she visited Milan, and then established herself for some time, in a mansion on the lake of Como, which she purchased of the Countess Pino. The Princess afterwards went to Mantua, Bologna, Ferrara and Venice, the Island of Elba, thence to Sicily, where she visited the principal towns.

From Sicily Her Royal Highness proceeded to Barbary, then to Palestine and Jerusalem; Carthage and Attica had also the honour of her presence. After she had seen and admired the Holy Sepulchre and the Temple of Solomon, she visited Bethlehem, the Mount of Olives, the river Jordan, and Jaffa. She returned by Rhodes and Syracuse to Naples, thence to Pizzo, Terracina, and Rome.

During the whole of these extensive travels the Princess of Wales did acts of generosity which left every where the most exalted opinions of the goodness of her heart, and charitable disposition. Her Royal Highness, during the time she resided at Agosta, in Sicily, distributed every day with her own hands, or through the medium of her almoners, sums of money among the poor. At Tunis she obtained the liberty of several slaves, some by her influence, but more by the money

which she gave for their ransom. She gave to the new Academy at Athens five hundred of the pieces called *colonnates*, and she allowed two hundred annually to the same academy. Every person in prison, for debt, at Athens, was liberated by her, for which she paid seven hundred pieces into the hands of the governor; and she gave two hundred pieces to a poor and numerous Roman family, resident in that city.

At Constantinople she gave a poor Frenchman two hundred *colonnates*, and distributed her charity in almost every corner of the city. To the conventual fathers of Jerusalem, she gave five hundred pieces and settled on them two hundred annually. Finally, at Rome, she distributed two hundred pieces to the poor of that city. These charities, however, extensive as they were, formed but a very small portion of the money which she devoted to acts of beneficence. Of her it may be truly said, 'she went about doing good,' and to the full extent of her means freely gave with liberal hand and willing heart, wherever distress or misfortune presented itself. Some anecdotes of the benevolence of this illustrious lady have already been related in this journal, and could the whole be collected, we feel confident that it would be found she had given more money, and done more in the cause of humanity, than any Prince or Princess in Europe.

During the six years' absence of the Princess of Wales on the Continent, she had the misfortune successively to lose her brother, who fell at Ligny two days before the memorable battle of Waterloo. Two years afterwards, death deprived her of her much loved daughter, who had been married without her knowledge or her being consulted on the occasion: and, to add still more to her afflictions, and to render her 'the most desolate woman on earth,' in 1820, her uncle, father-in-law, and father in affection, her last protector, our late venerable sovereign, was taken away from her. Her Royal Highness now determined to return to England, not only to assume her rights as Queen of England, but also to confront those accusations which, for two years, had been preparing against her by a special commission sent to Milan to inquire into her conduct during the time of exile on the Continent.

When the intention of Her Majesty to return home was known, Lord Hutchinson was sent to St. Omer's to

endeavour to prevent it by negotiation and the offer of 50,000*l.* a-year; but she disdained it and hastened to England, crossing the channel in a packet boat, and landing at Dover on the fifth of June 1820. Her entrance into London, two days after, was like the triumph of a conqueror, and she was received in the British capital with the greatest enthusiasm. Fresh negotiations were opened between the Queen and government, which terminated without any arrangement; and that trial which for so long a time agitated the country, and the memory of which will not easily be forgotten, took place. After an odious and disgusting investigation in the House of Lords, which lasted several weeks, the bill which charged her with adultery and proposed her degradation was withdrawn.

Addresses of congratulation now poured in from all parts of the country on her Majesty's acquittal; but, notwithstanding this she still endured some of the penalties of guilt. Her name was not restored to the litany—she was neither admitted to the court of her husband—nor could she hold one herself.

This humiliation her noble spirit seems to have felt most sensibly, and still more so that she was not to be crowned with her husband. When this event took place, she unadvisedly sought admittance to the ceremonial, but was refused; and it seems that this circumstance preyed much on her mind, and is believed to have had no small share in producing her sudden dissolution.

It was in the latter end of July that her Majesty became ill, and in a few days her disorder assumed an alarming aspect. She bore it with the utmost fortitude, and made her will with a cheerfulness that was remarkable. From the commencement of her illness she seemed sensible of her approaching end, and appeared to hail the prospect of a release from the world with joy. She expressed herself in strong terms of the persecutions she had suffered, and declared that her afflictions were those of the heart and beyond the reach of human skill to cure. On Sunday the fifth of August, her Majesty's disorder took a favourable turn, which induced hopes of recovery to her friends, but on the day following she became much worse, and on Tuesday night, the 7th, at twenty-five minutes past ten o'clock, her persecuted but noble spirit escaped from this world of suffering to that place,

'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary soul is for ever at rest.'

Her Majesty, by her will, has bequeathed her whole property, a few legacies excepted, to Mr. William Austin, her protégé. She directed that her body should not be opened or laid in state, and that she should be buried by the side of her father and her brother, at Brunswick. She also requested that the following inscription should be engraved on her tomb:—
'To the memory of Caroline of Brunswick, the *injured* Queen of England.'

Whatever may have been her late Majesty's errors, that heart must be callous indeed which does not shed a tear of sympathy for her sufferings and her melancholy fate, recollecting that 'to sin is human—to forgive divine.'

Her Majesty was a woman of a very strong intellect, and of a well-cultivated mind. A writer, speaking of her Royal Highness while residing at Blackheath, says, 'the Princess of Wales, in her retirement at Blackheath, draws round her an assemblage of poets, sages, and heroes, by the magic movement of her chisel alone. There the noble Caroline of Brunswick converses with the mighty dead; and while she holds converse with the Stuarts and Plantagenets (whose images her own Promethean flame has re-animated with life), she feels no longer solitary, no longer a pensive recluse; but sees herself (the daughter of heroes!) in the presence of ancestors who seem to smile upon her virtues and to glory in her genius.' The disposition of the Queen was extremely amiable, and her kindness to her domestics made her be considered rather as the parent than the mistress of her household. It was proved, in evidence, before the House of Lords, that when any of her domestics were ill, she frequently visited them, and administered personally to their comfort and relief even at the hazard of her own life. Wherever she went, beneficence accompanied her, and her charities have been felt, and will be remembered, though not by her recorded, in every town and country that she visited. These will form a monument to her memory more desirable than the honours of a crown or the pageantry of royalty.

Original Poetry.

PARODY OF CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Should you deem the following parody worthy of a place in your interesting journal, I

should be happy to see it there. It was composed during the period of Bonaparte's threatened invasion; and the age of the writer, at the time, was but sixteen, which I mention as some apology for its imperfections. My particular reason for now troubling you with it is, that recent events seem, in some respects, to have accomplished the prediction comprised in the last five lines. If this communication be favourably received, you may expect to hear again from your constant reader,

RALPH DOGGREL.

PARODY.

Scene—Boulogne.—Bonaparte, *solus*.

It shall be so;—Fate, thou hast counselled well,
Else why this tow'ring hope, this wild desire,
This longing after proud Britannia's ruin?
But, whence this secret dread, this inward horror
Of falling in th' attempt? Why shrinks my conscience
Back upon itself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis mad Ambition that impels within me,—
'Tis Tyranny itself that goads me on,
And intimates Invasion to my soul.
Invasion! oh, thou pleasing dreadful thought,
Through what a mass of conquering British fleets—
Through what bold scenes and hazards must I pass!
The wide, the dangerous prospect lies before me;
But death and sure dishonour rests upon it.—
Here must I pause, ———

————— that isle was made for Britons.
I'm weary of reflection;—this must end it.
Thus am I doubly curs'd, my death and shame,
My bane and infamy, have both beset me;
This in a moment brings me to an end,
And this informs me I shall die disgrac'd;
But George, secured in his existence, smiles
At Faction's arts and Treason's gloomy shaft.
My power shall fade away, and I myself
To shades of darkness and of death descend;
But thou shalt flourish, thou, Britannia's prince,
Unhurt amidst the wars of raging states,
The wreck of tyrants, and the fall of France.

A TRIBUTE

To the Memory of the Queen.

'FEAR no more the Slanderer,
Nor Sorrow's wintry blast;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
And the dream of life is past.
Monarchs, sages, peasants, must
Follow thee, and come to dust.'
Hallowed by sorrow—wept by million eyes,
The Queen of England's heart sinks in the grave;
Last link of old and lofty ancestries,
Descendant of the kingly and the brave!
To Caroline of Brunswick gave
No common fire of soul and strength of frame;
Yet that strength sank, no human aid could save—
And that soul quail'd which wrongs alone could tame;—
Oh, shame on her false friends—on her stern foemen shame!
Shame on her false friends, who, for paltry bribes,
Deserted honour, truth, and innocence,
And mingled with the sleek and servile tribes,
Who can with all but their base gains dispense;
'Gainst whom th'oppressed can have no sure defence,

And in whose favour the dark shield of power
Is lifted over, so to recompense
The fawning crouchers of the royal power,
The heartless sycophants of Fortune's shining
hour.

Shame on her foemen!—was there nought to
soothe,

In woman's gentle name, their causeless rage?
A woman, tortured from her very youth,
Even till her hair was silvered o'er by age;
Oppressed and slandered through life's every
stage!

Foul stain on Albion's 'scutcheon!—a disgrace
That will stand darkly on its record's page.—
Oh, had she lived for kindness to erase
Of all her early pangs the deep-indented trace.

It had been happier for all;—but she
Has left us—and the hour that was her last,
Saw none of kin—no tie of family

To soothe her wounded spirit as it past
From this cold scene of sorrows that had cast
A cloud upon her life that darkened then;
No child was there—no husband with kind
haste

To calm her in that dread hour's trying pain,
When all but *such a love* is worthless, weak,
and vain.

Yes, she has left us!—long her soul opposed,
With gallant firmness, deep indignity;
But all is over now,—the scene is closed,
And this ill-fated Queen no more shall be
The victim of her foes's malignity;
Love need no longer sigh—or fate be glad;
She soars above all love or enmity,
And her worst foe must own, if faults she had,
She had been deeply wrong'd,—nor died as die
the bad.

The only treasure that she still had left,
She died possess'd of—all a nation's love!
Of this proud boon she could not be bereft,
Although to wreck this last hope Malice
strove;—

She died possessing what alone must prove
The virtues of her character,—the true
And tried affection of those who, above
All others, knew and served her best—the few
Who clung to her unchang'd, thro' changes
sad and new.

She sank with gentleness into the grave
Which lengthen'd sorrows had prepared for
her;

And long will be lamented by the brave
And good, who know that all who live must
err,—

And who protected the lone wanderer,
When there were none beside her rights to
guard;

And when their fearless virtue could confer
But danger on themselves—the sure reward
Of all who seek the course of tyrants to retard.

Peace to her spirit!—and in lofty places
May her sad fate a warning lesson be!

So she, 'whose virtues, talents, gentle graces,
Were formed to charm and win society,'
But whom deep griefs pursued unceasingly,
Will not have borne her weight of woe in vain;
May monarchs in her fate a lesson see,
Which here to trace may not befit this strain,
But which they ought to feel and ponder o'er in
pain!

J. W. DALBY.

July 9th, 1821.

THE CRUSADER.

SIR HUBERT'S steed was at the gate,
His gallant page stood by,
When forth the knight and his lady came,—
A tear bedew'd her eye:

'Now fare thee well, beloved one,
My dear and youthful bride,
For many a long and weary mile,
Imma, thy love, must ride.'—

'Oh! promise, Sir Hubert,' the lady said,
'Thou wilt be true to me,

Nor break thy faith for eastern maids,
Tho' beautiful they be;

For they tell me many a warrior bold,
Whose truth was once as thine,

Has forsworn his love, his faith and all,
In holy Palestine.'—

'Yet doubt me not,' the knight replied,
'I swear by thy sweet blue eye,

Sooner than grieve thy trusting heart,
Willingly I would die.

Then cheer thee sweet, for the time flies on,
Trust me I shall be true,—

One kiss, one long and parting one,
God bless thee! and adieu.

Soon he is journeying far away
From his love and his native land;

To the Syrian shore the knight is gone,
To join his own true band.

Bold and brave were the warriors all,
Fighting for faith and fame,

And fear would seize the Moslem troops
When they heard Sir Hubert's name:

He saw there many a beauteous maid,
With raven hair and eye,

But their charms the knight he would not heed,
But coldly pass'd them by;

He thought but of his tender bride,
Yet e'en that thought was pain;

Perhaps, perhaps he ne'er may meet
Her lovely eyes again.

This day, that dawns so pure and bright,
Where is the man can tell,

Ere eve, how many gallant forms
May bid this world farewell.

And now is the din of battle heard,
Furious is the strife,

The chargers neigh, the trumpets sound,
They fight for death or life.

Sir Hubert is foremost in the strife,
The ground with blood is red;

Yet he spurs his steed and rushes on,
O'er heaps of slain and dead.

He seeks the chief of the Moslem host,
Who scatters death and woe;

And now he has met, in mortal strife,
His proud and haughty foe.

Sudden they close, scarce stay for breath,
They trust to spear and shield;

The Mussulman is bold and brave,
The Christian will not yield.

Oh! long and dubious was the fight,
They bore them gallantly;

Yet, at last he fell the Moslem lord,
'Our lady and victory.'

Sir Hubert was sorely wounded, too,
Earth swam before his eye,

He sank and fainted on the ground,
Alas! and must he die?

His faithful page his master bore,
Beneath an aged tree,

And stanch'd the blood and wip'd his brow,
Then wept this sight to see.

'Roland, kind youth,' Sir Hubert said,
'Nay, weep not, boy, for me;

Do thou bear my corse to England's shore,
There let me buried be.'

And tell my love the vow I made
I never did forget,—

To die without one look from her,
Is all that I regret.

Tell her, I thought of her sweet form
When in the arms of death,

And blest and prayed for her alone,

With my last parting breath.'

He ceas'd—for his cheek was wan and cold,
His gallant soul had fled,

And the proud and bold Sir Hubert now
Is one among the dead.

They bore his corse o'er land and sea,
And when evening waxed late,

They came before his castle high,
And stood beside the gate.

Oh! where is Imma to weep on the bier
Of her true and faithful knight?

Oh! why is she the last to mourn
At this afflicting sight?

Alas! alas! her gentle form
Had bow'd before the blast;

With her the evils of this world
Are over now and past.

She had heard the tale that her lord and love
Had fallen before the foe,

And to linger here when her hope was gone,
Was bitterness and woe.

Her wounded spirit droop'd and died
As a flower of the plain,

Its sweetness and its beauty gone,
Never to bloom again.

And now she looks so wan and pale,
Her eye no longer bright;

Those orbs of sweet celestial blue
Are quench'd and closed quite.

But her spirit has soared beyond the sky,
Where sorrow is at rest,

And the dearest friends may meet at last
In regions of the blest.

ELIZA.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE. — Mr. Moncrieff's
comedy of *Wanted a Wife*, has been
very judiciously converted into a farce,
by cutting out the under-plot, and re-
ducing it into two acts. The spirit and
the humour of the piece being thus
condensed, the whole has been consi-
derably improved, and was performed
with much applause. We do not pro-
mise it immortality, but we think it
may become popular. The *Corona-
tion* does not lose any of its attractions,
but draws crowded houses every night.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—The ac-
tive manager of this theatre continues
to produce novelties in rapid succes-
sion. On Thursday night, a new me-
lo-drama, in two acts, was performed
for the first time, entitled *The Miller's
Maid*. It is founded on Bloomfield's
poem of that name; and does not dif-
fer essentially from the original story,
which is very simple. The author has
adapted it to the stage with consider-
able effect; but those acquainted with
the poem will know how nearly it ap-
proaches a very dangerous point, and
we are sorry that the dramatist has
dwelt on it much more than was either
necessary or proper. The bare suppo-
sition of the possibility of a brother and
sister, ignorant of their kinship, being
in love with each other, would, we be-
lieve, be sufficient to counteract the
passion, however violent; but here the

brother dwells on the hope, and exacts a condition on the mere chance, of its not being so. Mr. T. P. Cooke as George, and Miss Kelly as the Miller's Maid, played with much feeling, but the principal attraction of the evening was Mr. Emery, from Covent Garden Theatre, in the part of Giles. The character would have failed in almost any other hands, but with him it had the most powerful effect. His strong attachment for the Miller's Maid, rendered almost ferocious by rivalry, and restrained only from the most violent excesses, by a strong moral feeling and an innate goodness of heart, were portrayed with the utmost truth and force. Mr. Bartley was quite at home in the kind-hearted Miller, and Harley made as much as any one could of a very unnatural and constrained character. The scenery is good, and the piece was completely successful.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*
LUCRETIUS.

Preachers.—A young ecclesiastic, who was remarkable for his affected pronunciation and unseemly gestures, preached in a town in one of the provinces of France. The next day he called on the president, and complained that the officers of his jurisdiction had quitted his sermon to go to see a comedy. 'These gentlemen,' said the president, 'must have very bad taste to leave you for country comedians.'

A preacher had completely wearied all his auditors in preaching on the beauties. A lady, who had endured the penance, could not avoid observing to him, after sermon, that he had forgotten one. 'Which is that?' replied the preacher. 'That of those who were so fortunate as not to hear your sermon,' was the reply.

Oliver Cromwell kept his fanatics in order in his own way, for when one of them waited upon him, as he said, in the name of the Lord, to know the destination of one of his fleets, Cromwell said, 'My good friend, the Lord shall know, for thou shalt go with the fleet,' and immediately gave orders for having him stowed in the hold of one of the vessels then under sailing orders.

Authors.—Antiquities, says Dr. Johnson, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it,

not from reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to admire, indiscriminately, whatever has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance; all, perhaps, are more willing to borrow past than present excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the shades of age, as the eye surveys the sun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living, we estimate his powers by his worst performance; and when he is dead, we rate them by his best.

To run the Hoop.—An ancient marine custom. Four or more boys, having their left hands tied fast to an iron hoop, and each of them a rope, called a nettle, in their right, being naked to the waist, wait the signal to begin, i. e. a stroke with a cat of nine tails, given by the boatswain to one of the boys; he strikes the boy before him, and every one does the same; at first the blows are but gently administered, but each irritated by the strokes from the boy behind him, at length lays it on in earnest.

Dun.—Dun, an importunate creditor; dunny, in the provincial dialect of several countries, signifies deaf; to dun, then, perhaps, may mean to deafen with importunate demands. Some derive it from the word donnez, which signifies give, but the true original meaning of the word owes its birth to one Joe Dun, a famous bailiff, of the town of Lincoln, so extremely active and so dexterous in his business, that it became a proverb, when a man refused to pay, why do you not Dun him? that is, why do you not set Dun to arrest him! Hence it became a cant word, and is now as old as since the days of Henry the Seventh. Dun was also the general name for the hangman, before that of Jack Ketch.

And presently a halter got,
Made of the best strong hempenteer,
And e'er a cat could lick her ear,
Had tied it up with as much art,
As Dun himself could do for's heart.
Cotton's Virgil, Tra. Book 4.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'LIFE,' Chap. I, and ORDOVEX on Popular Quotations, in our next.

'Auld Dominie,' D. M., Mr. Hatt, and O. F., as early as possible.

Eliza will perceive she is not forgotten.

T. B. had better leave off the 'rhyming trade,' or, at least, not trouble us with his lucubrations.

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